YF 00775

ILDREN · of · COLONIAL · DAYS ·

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

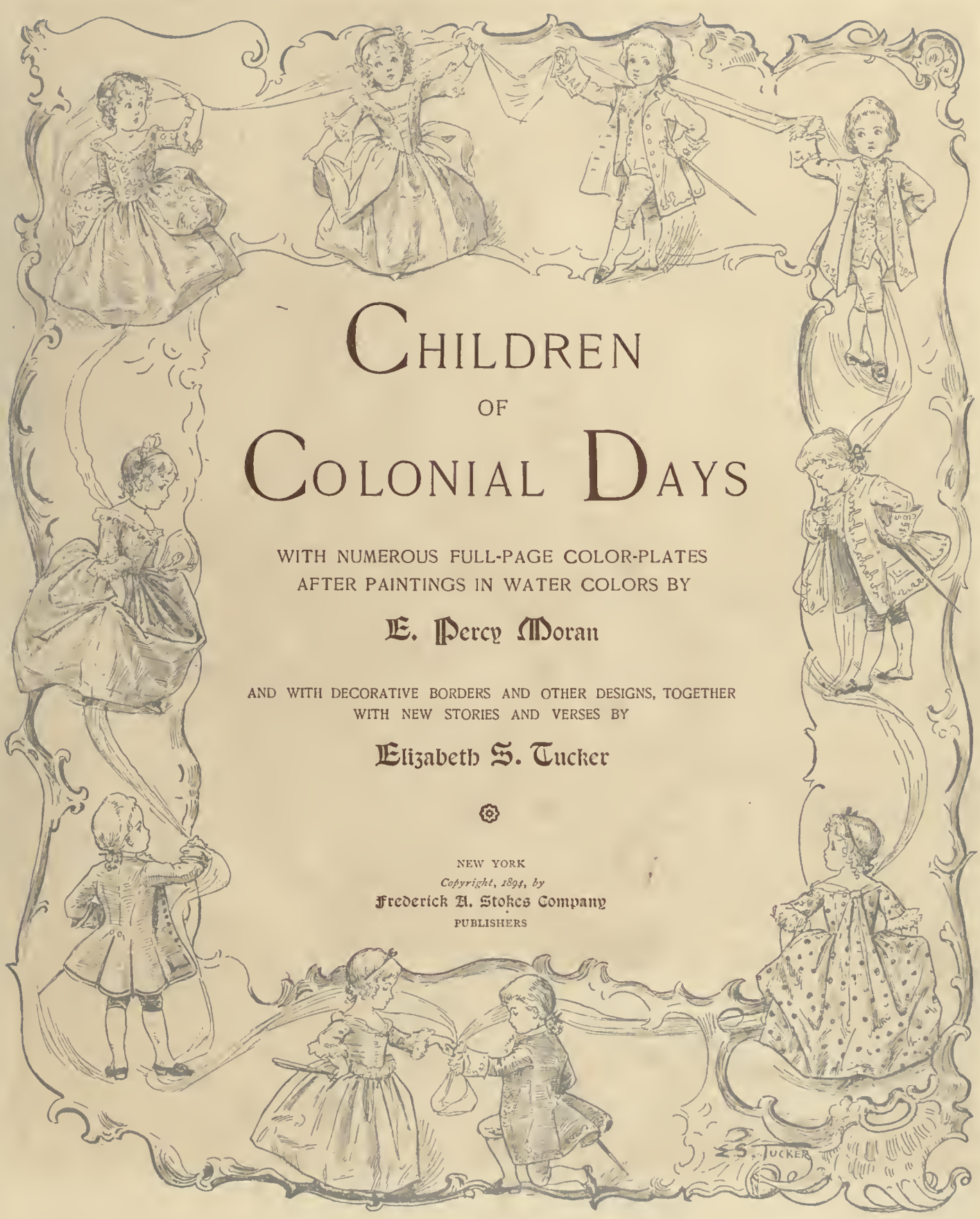
E PERCY-MORAN

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

Education

GIFT OF

Louise Farrow Barr



CHILDREN OF COLONIAL DAYS

WITH NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE COLOR-PLATES
AFTER PAINTINGS IN WATER COLORS BY

E. Percy Moran

AND WITH DECORATIVE BORDERS AND OTHER DESIGNS, TOGETHER
WITH NEW STORIES AND VERSES BY

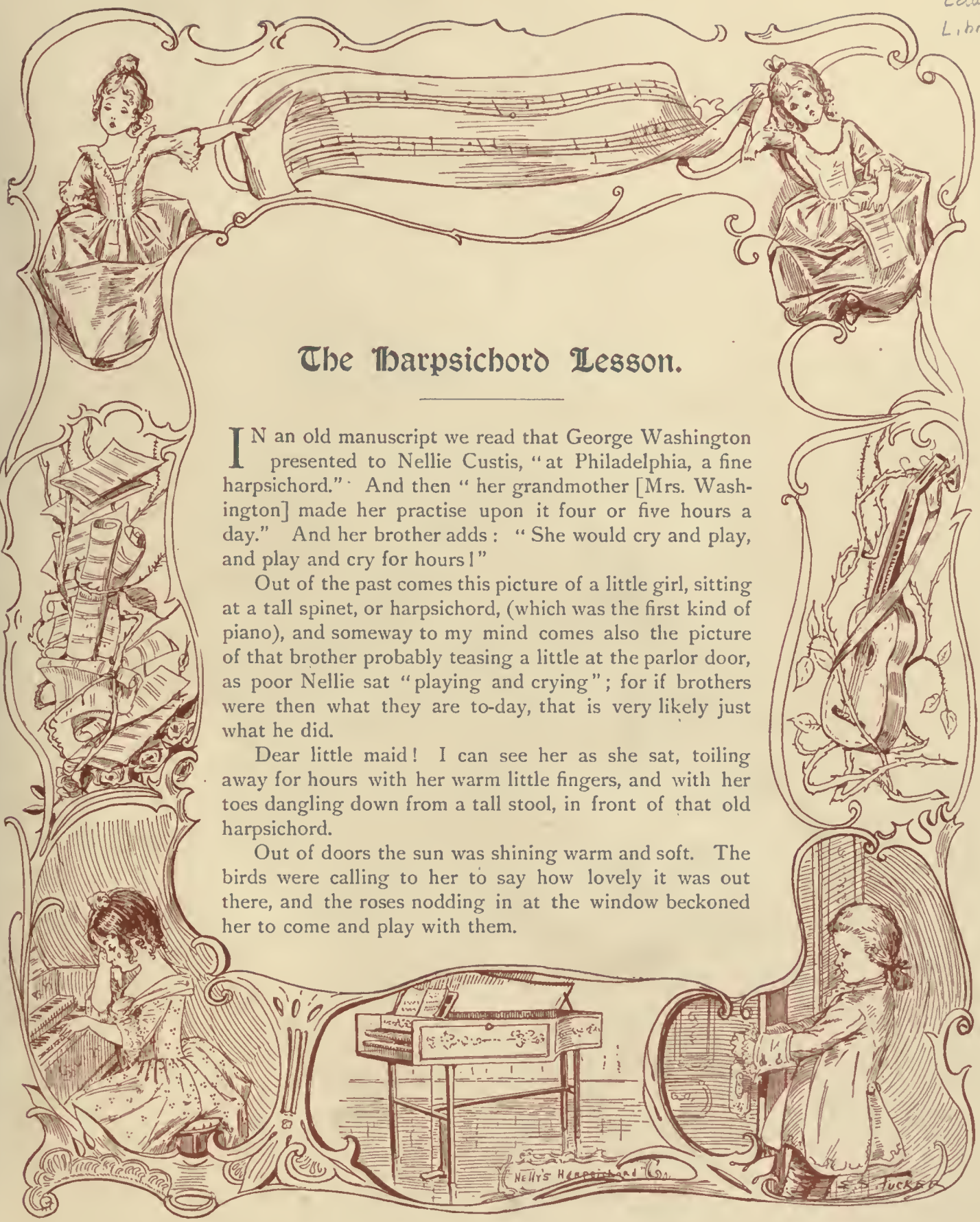
Elizabeth S. Tucker

NEW YORK
Copyright, 1894, by
Frederick A. Stokes Company
PUBLISHERS

Education

GIFT

956
T891
ch.
Educ.
Library



The Harpsichord Lesson.

IN an old manuscript we read that George Washington presented to Nellie Custis, "at Philadelphia, a fine harpsichord." And then "her grandmother [Mrs. Washington] made her practise upon it four or five hours a day." And her brother adds: "She would cry and play, and play and cry for hours!"

Out of the past comes this picture of a little girl, sitting at a tall spinet, or harpsichord, (which was the first kind of piano), and someway to my mind comes also the picture of that brother probably teasing a little at the parlor door, as poor Nellie sat "playing and crying"; for if brothers were then what they are to-day, that is very likely just what he did.

Dear little maid! I can see her as she sat, toiling away for hours with her warm little fingers, and with her toes dangling down from a tall stool, in front of that old harpsichord.

Out of doors the sun was shining warm and soft. The birds were calling to her to say how lovely it was out there, and the roses nodding in at the window beckoned her to come and play with them.

The Harpsichord Lesson.

Her brother, with a wild swirl on his way to the garden, stopped to laugh at her tears, and only made them worse. She evidently did not love music; but in those days little girls, and boys, too, had to do as the "grown-ups" told them to, and never thought of rebelling. And harpsichords were very few in this country when it was a new country, long ago; and so it was a great treat to many people who came to her grandfather's house, to hear one played.

Dear little Nellie Custis! I wonder how many, many little girls since her time have sat as she did, and worked as hard to make black dots on lines of music go on white and black keys of ivory.

That very same harpsichord is still standing in the dim old room in the mansion where she lived; and as you see it, with its tall legs, there is always a picture of a little girl, whose weary fingers wandered up and down its key-board, learning to make music for others to enjoy.

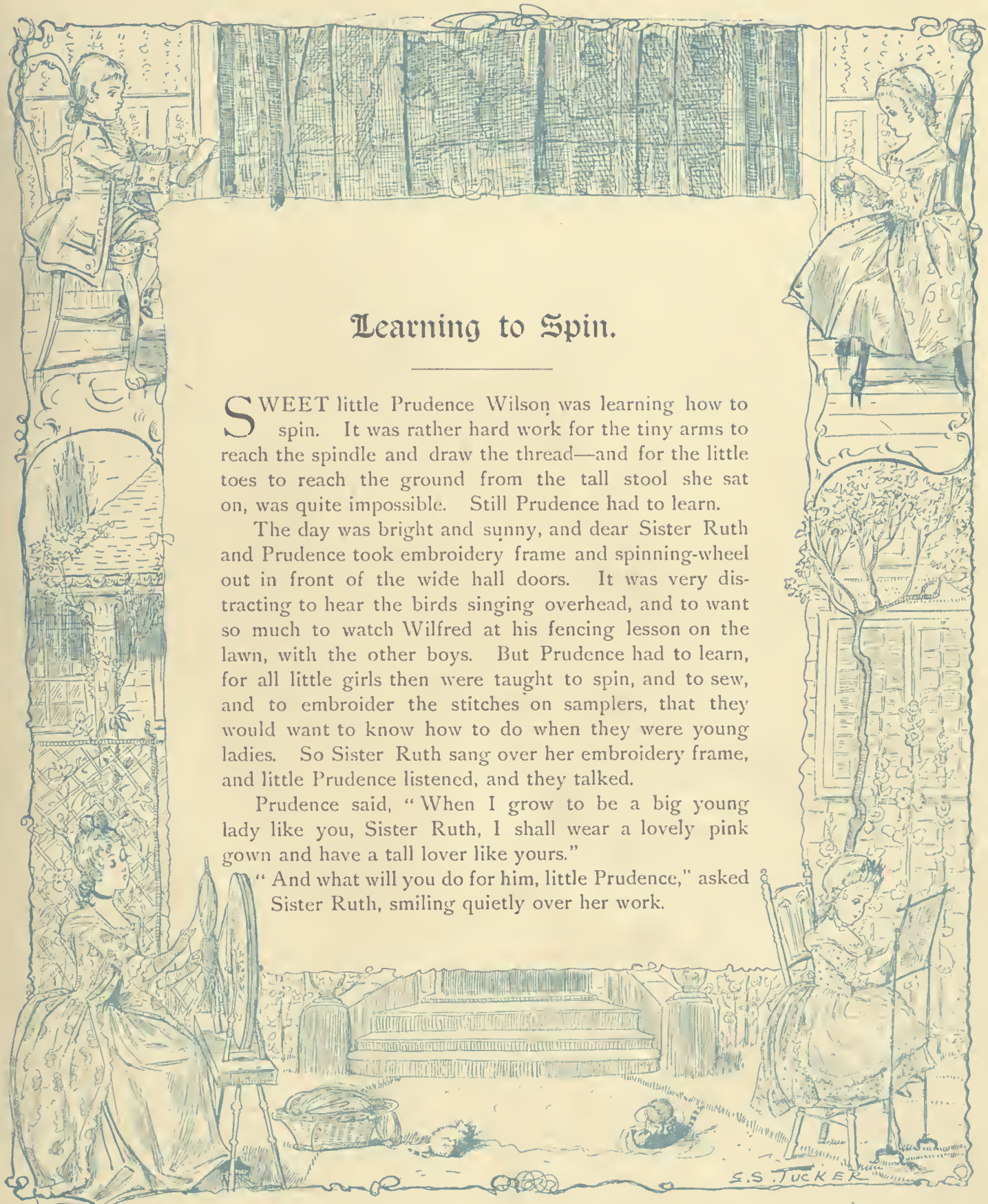
Out of History's dusty page
Comes a little maiden,
Probably about your age,
With sweet graces laden.

Practising the long hours through,
Scales and stately measure,
Patient, learning things to do
Just for others' pleasure.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/childrenofcoloni00tuckrich

F. PERRY-MORAN.



Learning to Spin.

SWEET little Prudence Wilson was learning how to spin. It was rather hard work for the tiny arms to reach the spindle and draw the thread—and for the little toes to reach the ground from the tall stool she sat on, was quite impossible. Still Prudence had to learn.

The day was bright and sunny, and dear Sister Ruth and Prudence took embroidery frame and spinning-wheel out in front of the wide hall doors. It was very distracting to hear the birds singing overhead, and to want so much to watch Wilfred at his fencing lesson on the lawn, with the other boys. But Prudence had to learn, for all little girls then were taught to spin, and to sew, and to embroider the stitches on samplers, that they would want to know how to do when they were young ladies. So Sister Ruth sang over her embroidery frame, and little Prudence listened, and they talked.

Prudence said, "When I grow to be a big young lady like you, Sister Ruth, I shall wear a lovely pink gown and have a tall lover like yours."

"And what will you do for him, little Prudence," asked Sister Ruth, smiling quietly over her work.

Learning to Spin.

"Oh, I will make him a beautiful, beautiful watch chain, all spun on the spinning-wheel, of my own, own hair, which shall all be cut off to make the thread. And if I am a prisoner in a castle tower, he will take the long, long chain spun from my hair, which I will throw him down from my window, and he will climb up it hand over hand, and take me in his arms, and climb down again, and away we will go, and live happily ever after."

"Very well," said Sister Ruth, "then, Mistress Prudence, you must take your arms down from behind your head, and not stop to dream now, but learn to spin a strong thread, with no knots in it."

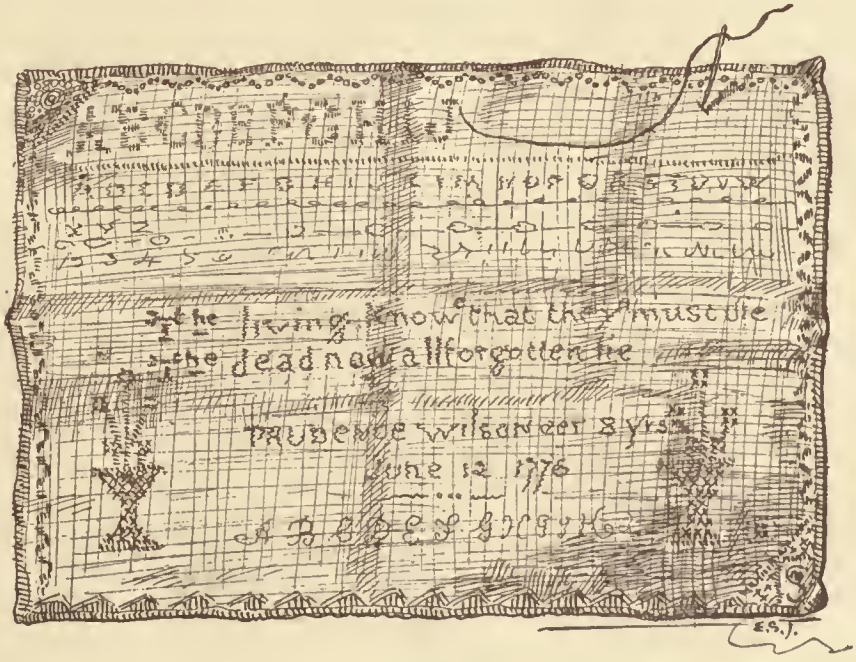
Then Prudence would go on spinning a long thread, while the kittens played with the other end of it.

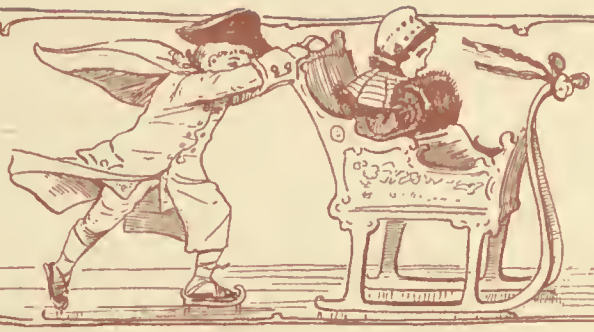
Then she would say, "Sister Ruth, why does Wilfred have play in the open air, while I have to sit and sew, and embroider, and spin?"

Then Sister Ruth smiled again, and answered, "It has ever been the way, dear Prudence, for men to do the out-of-door things, and manly sports, and for maidens to do the gentle things, those that keep us quiet in the house, and are useful to both men and maids. So tend to your quiet work, my dear, and stitch upon stitch is the only way."

So the sunny day came to a close, and many more of them also came and went. And many years of days have gone since then; and to-day from a box, with a musty smell, I take an old sampler and read in all the stitches this story of long ago.

It is all there is left—it, and an old spinning-wheel, which little girls to-day do not know how to use at all. Wilfred's play and his sword are long ago done and over, yet here is the small bit of stitching that has lasted all the long years, to tell a great-grandchild the story of a little girl's fingers patiently going in and out, while her small feet ached to run, and it seems to me a rather great thing to have done something that tells such a sweet story, and has lasted so very, very long.





"ALL ON A WINTER'S DAY"

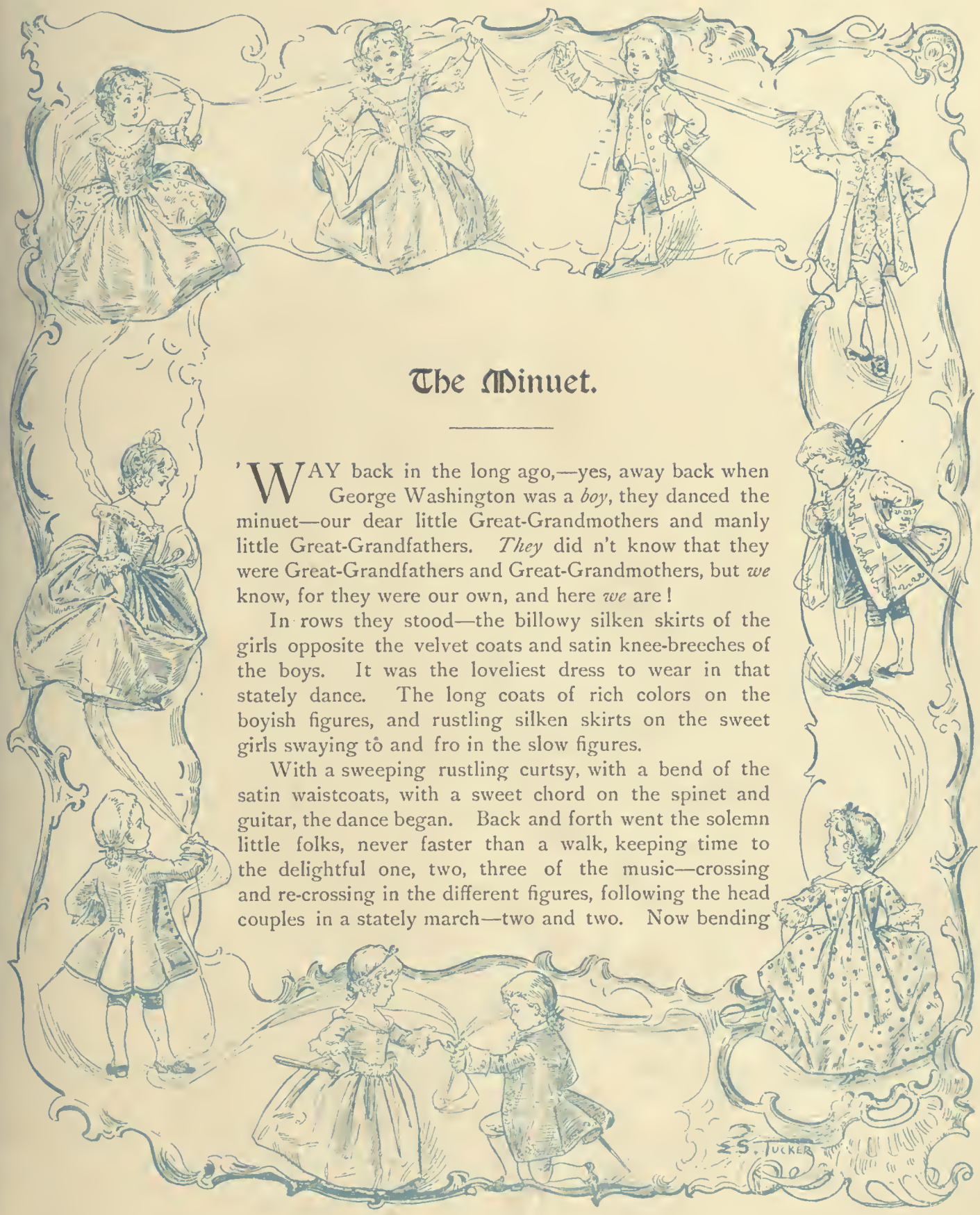
OFF GOES LITTLE FOLLY, ALL ON A WINTER'S DAY,
SNUGGED UP AND RUGGED UP IN HER LITTLE SLEIGH,
CHEEKS ALL RED AND EYES ALL BRIGHT,
WAVING GOODBYE WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

'WAY OUT ON THE RIVER, WITH ITS CRUSTY ICE,
GLITTERING AND FLITTERING, SMOOTH AND BRIGHT AND NICE,
LIKE A FROSTED PLUM-CAKE ROUND,
IS THE SPARKLING SNOWY GROUND.

ALL ABOUT THE PLUM-CAKE'S CRUST, DANCE AND SKATE AND PLAY,
CHILDREN LARGE AND CHILDREN SMALL ON A HOLIDAY,
SINGING, SHOUTING EVERYWHERE,
GLAD WITH KEEN AND FROSTY AIR.

BUT THE PLUM-CAKE'S CRUST IS HARD, LITTLE SKATERS FIND,
SLIPPERY, SO SLIPPERY! IF YOU DO NOT MIND,
AND THE BEST AND SAFEST WAY
IS TO PUSH BEHIND A SLEIGH.

JACK FROST LIKES TO NIP A NOSE. HIDE IT FAST AND DEEP,
IN YOUR RUG, WARM AND SNUG, ALL YOUR DIMPLES KEEP.
BACK SHE COMES WITH RAPID GLIDE,
WAS N'T THAT A JOLLY RIDE?

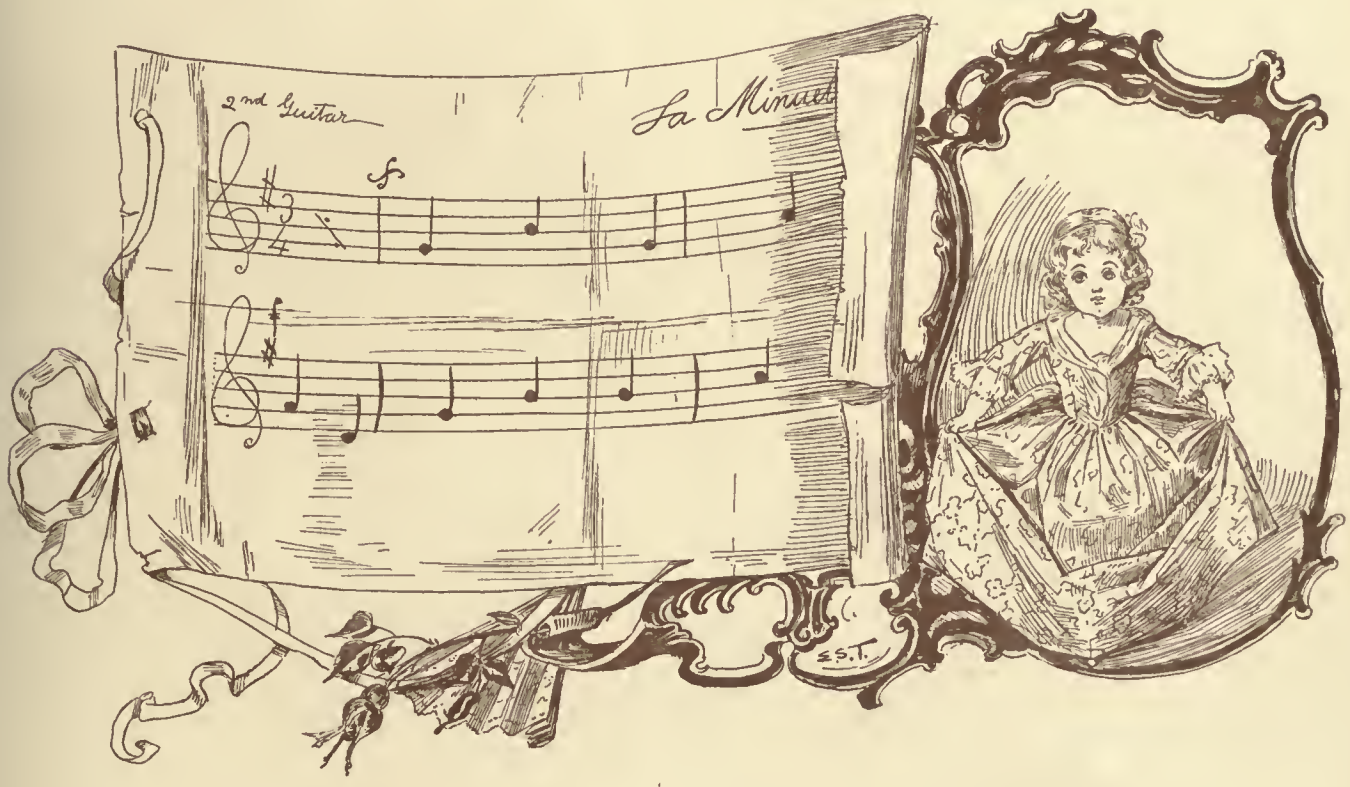
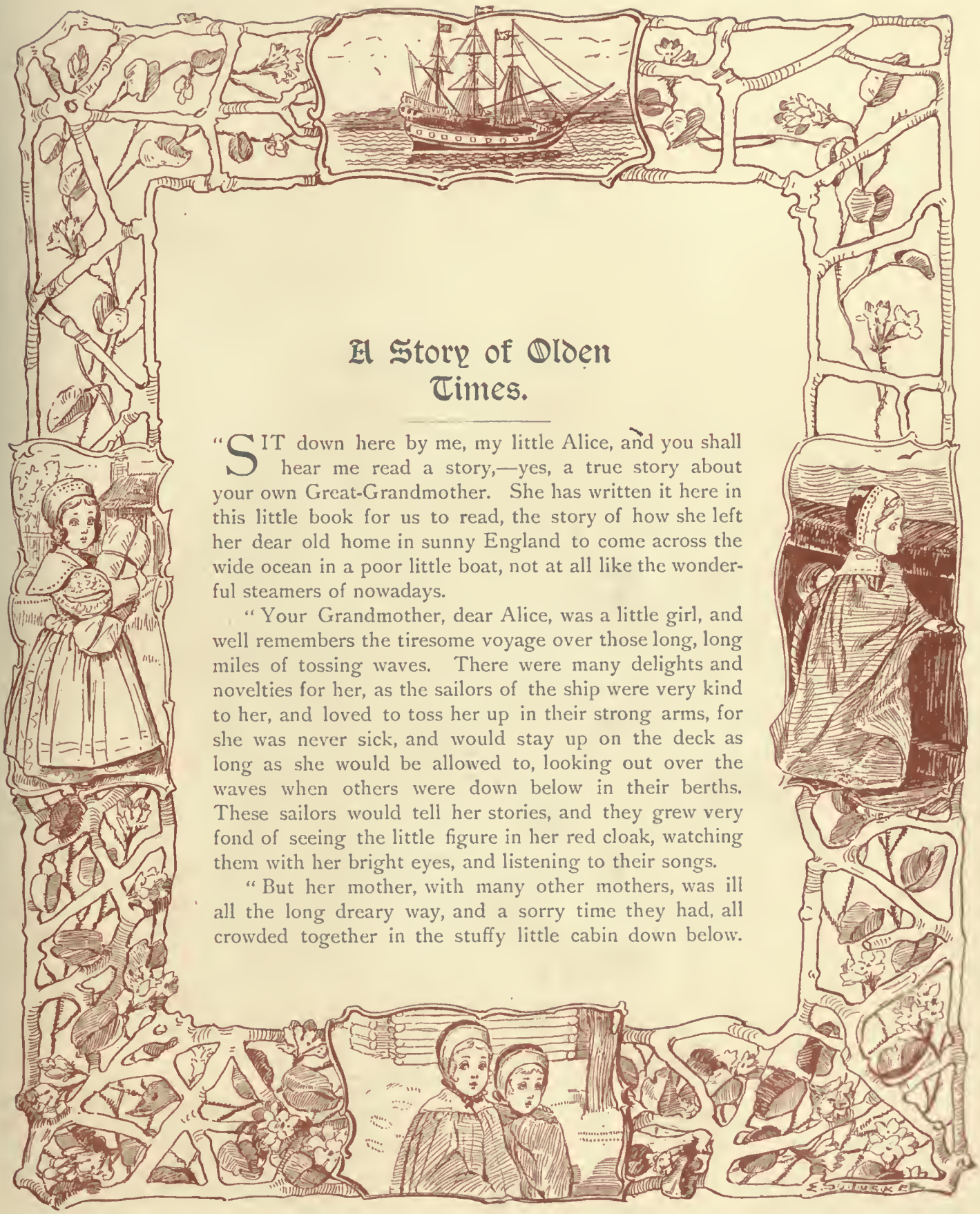


The Minuet.

'WAY back in the long ago,—yes, away back when George Washington was a *boy*, they danced the minuet—our dear little Great-Grandmothers and manly little Great-Grandfathers. *They* did n't know that they were Great-Grandfathers and Great-Grandmothers, but *we* know, for they were our own, and here *we* are!

In rows they stood—the billowy silken skirts of the girls opposite the velvet coats and satin knee-breeches of the boys. It was the loveliest dress to wear in that stately dance. The long coats of rich colors on the boyish figures, and rustling silken skirts on the sweet girls swaying to and fro in the slow figures.

With a sweeping rustling curtsy, with a bend of the satin waistcoats, with a sweet chord on the spinet and guitar, the dance began. Back and forth went the solemn little folks, never faster than a walk, keeping time to the delightful one, two, three of the music—crossing and re-crossing in the different figures, following the head couples in a stately march—two and two. Now bending

in graceful curtsys, while the little cavaliers knelt and saluted the tips of dimpled fingers, then holding aloft silken scarfs in airy folds, entwining and interlacing all together. Soft and sweet the chords of music, dark the shining floors, reflecting bright candle lights and dainty satin-clad feet. Rich the colors of the beautiful gowns and coats, and sweet, oh! sweet, the dimpled rosy faces of the dear little children, as they trod the sober measures of that most graceful of dances—the minuet of the long ago!



A Story of Olden Times.

"SIT down here by me, my little Alice, and you shall hear me read a story,—yes, a true story about your own Great-Grandmother. She has written it here in this little book for us to read, the story of how she left her dear old home in sunny England to come across the wide ocean in a poor little boat, not at all like the wonderful steamers of nowadays.

"Your Grandmother, dear Alice, was a little girl, and well remembers the tiresome voyage over those long, long miles of tossing waves. There were many delights and novelties for her, as the sailors of the ship were very kind to her, and loved to toss her up in their strong arms, for she was never sick, and would stay up on the deck as long as she would be allowed to, looking out over the waves when others were down below in their berths. These sailors would tell her stories, and they grew very fond of seeing the little figure in her red cloak, watching them with her bright eyes, and listening to their songs.

"But her mother, with many other mothers, was ill all the long dreary way, and a sorry time they had, all crowded together in the stuffy little cabin down below.

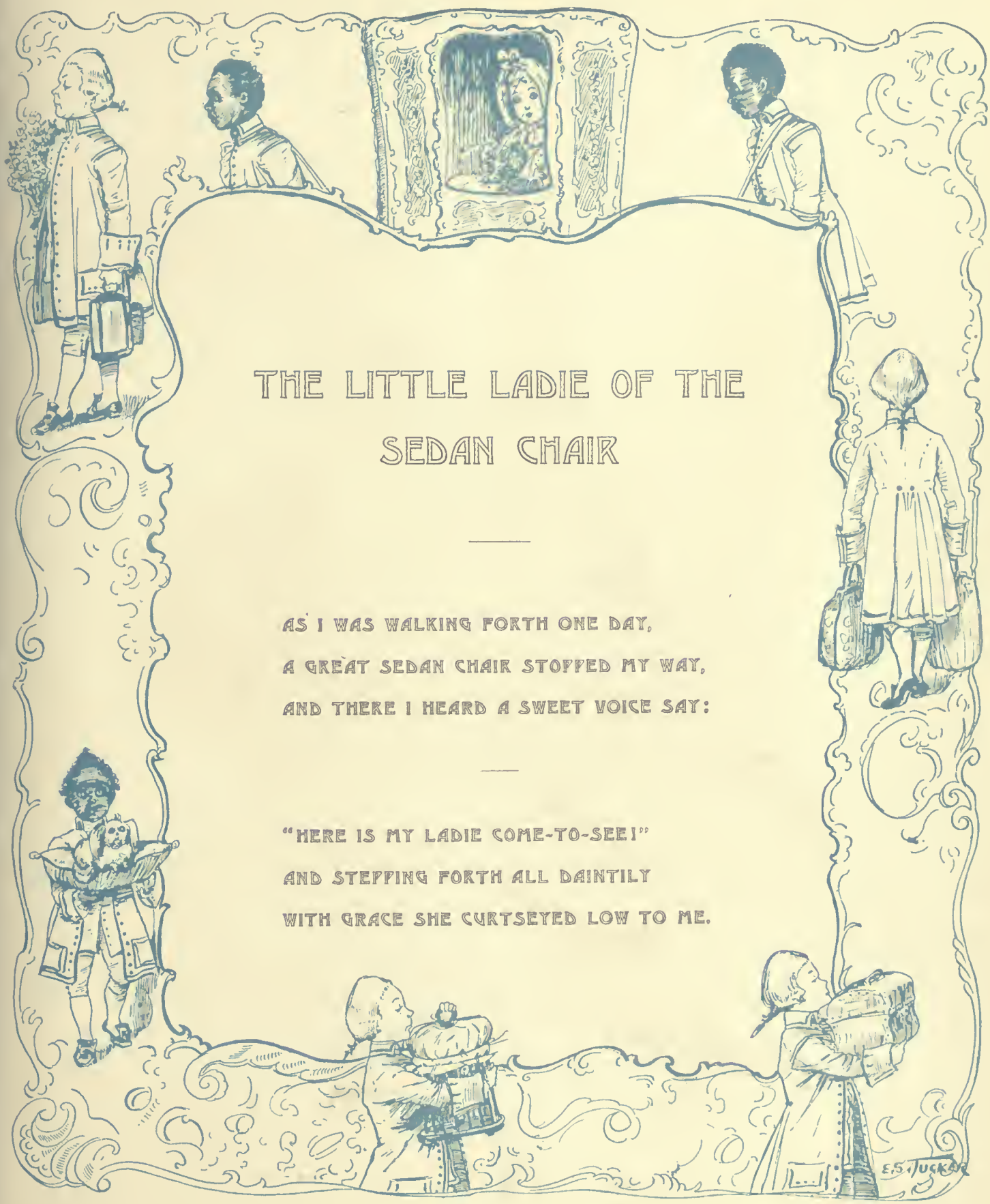
Many times Grandmother has told me of it all, and of how at last they got to the new, strange land which was our America, where they found such cold and rocky shores, and where their fathers had to build houses out of logs for them to live in, and had to build them strongly to keep out Indians and wolves. Everybody helped: even the little children carried things to help in the building. How glad they were for every little thing they had brought with them from England!—pins and all such things,—for there was none at all in this new country. Oh, those were hard, hard times, little Dorothy, and they were brave people, your grandparents, to do it all for freedom for us!

"And freedom we will have some day in this America, for even now thine own father, whose portrait hangs beside you, and all the fathers in the land are determined that we shall be free from English rule, even if there must be a war."

. . . . . .

Long, long ago these words were spoken, and this story, told to listening little Alice who is a Great-Grandmother now herself, and long ago gone away,—and see how the words of the gentle lady came true! The war she told about did come. Alice's father, and the fathers of her little friends, had the war that we celebrate on our Fourth of July, and to-day, in this dear land of ours, we are having the freedom they fought for.

Be glad of those true-hearted, brave Great-*Great*-GREAT-Grandfathers of yours, children dear.



THE LITTLE LADIE OF THE SEDAN CHAIR

AS I WAS WALKING FORTH ONE DAY,
A GREAT SEDAN CHAIR STOPPED MY WAY,
AND THERE I HEARD A SWEET VOICE SAY:

"HERE IS MY LADIE COME-TO-SEE!"
AND STEPPING FORTH ALL DAINTILY
WITH GRACE SHE CURTSEYED LOW TO ME.

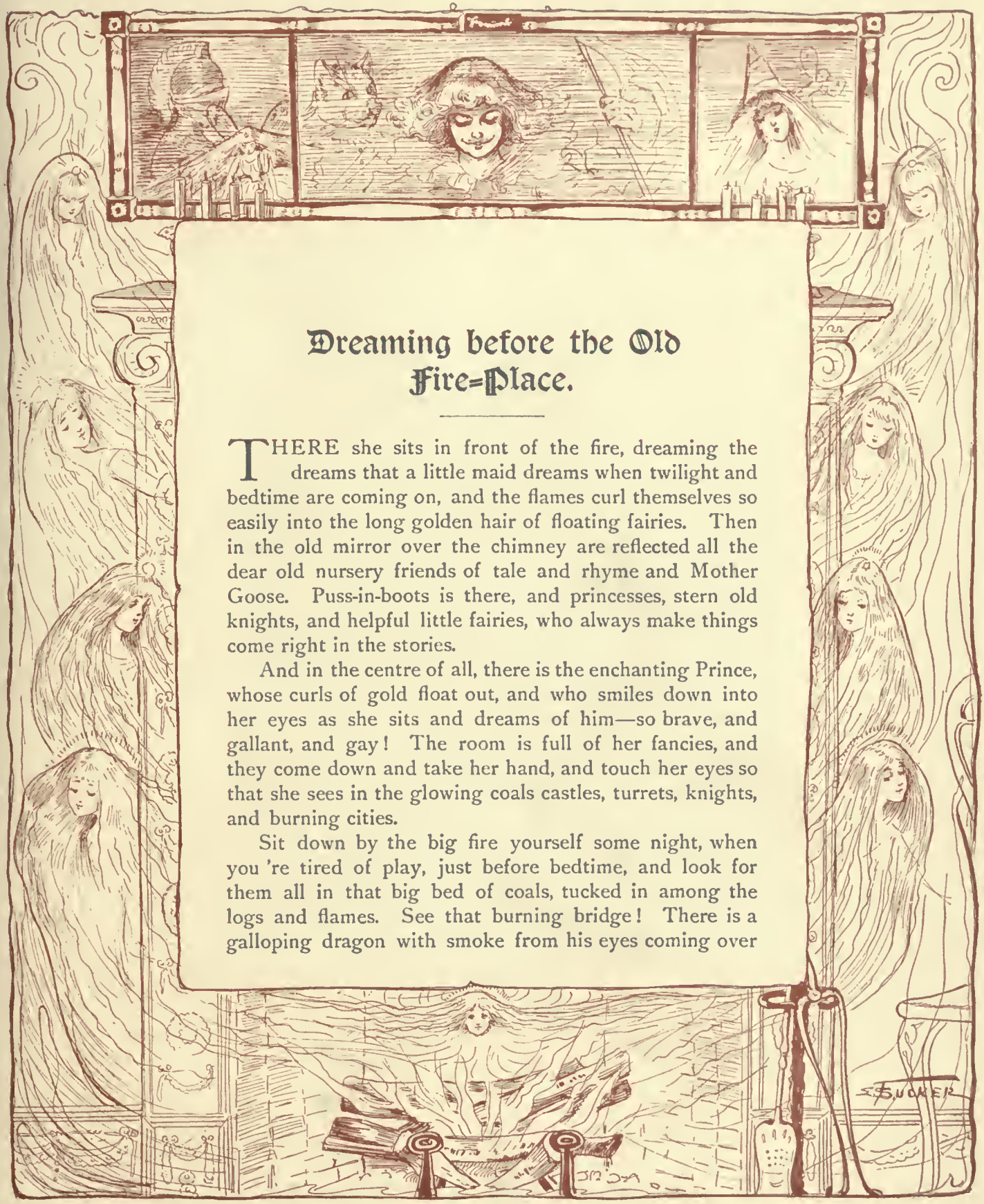
The Little Ladie of the Sedan Chair.

POMPEY AND SAM HAVE BROUGHT WITH CARE
MY LADIE IN HER SEDAN CHAIR,
WITH ALL HER FINERY TO WEAR.

OF FROCKS AND GOWNS A BRAVE ARRAY
TO DECK MY LADIE EVERY DAY,
FOR 'T IS A WEEK THAT SHE WILL STAY!

WITH WELCOME WARM, WE GREET YOU, DEAR,
WHAT CAN WE DO TO KEEP YOU NEAR,
AND MAKE YOUR VISIT LAST A YEAR?

COPYRIGHT 1924 BY FRUEH B & STOKES COMPANY



Dreaming before the Old Fire-Place.

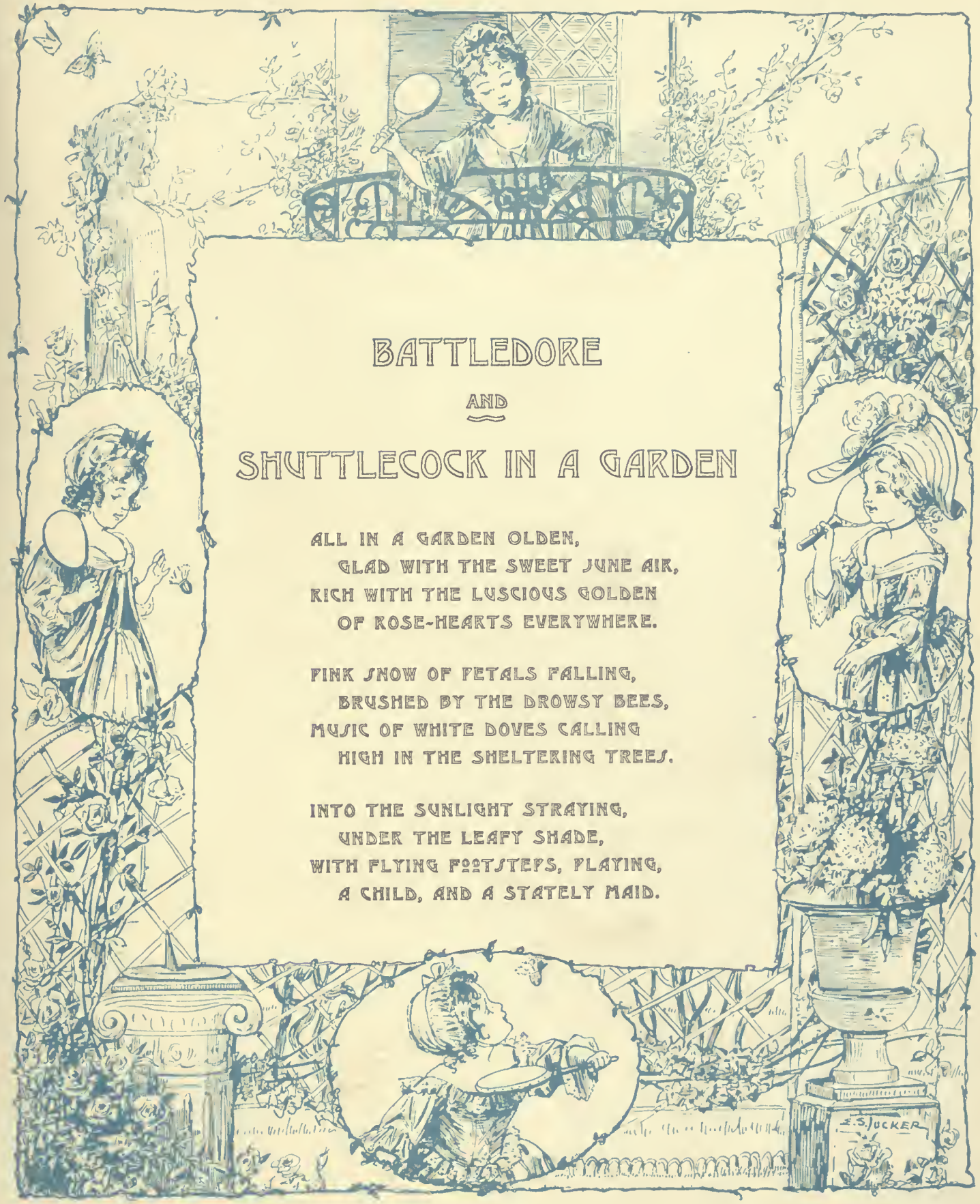
THERE she sits in front of the fire, dreaming the dreams that a little maid dreams when twilight and bedtime are coming on, and the flames curl themselves so easily into the long golden hair of floating fairies. Then in the old mirror over the chimney are reflected all the dear old nursery friends of tale and rhyme and Mother Goose. Puss-in-boots is there, and princesses, stern old knights, and helpful little fairies, who always make things come right in the stories.

And in the centre of all, there is the enchanting Prince, whose curls of gold float out, and who smiles down into her eyes as she sits and dreams of him—so brave, and gallant, and gay! The room is full of her fancies, and they come down and take her hand, and touch her eyes so that she sees in the glowing coals castles, turrets, knights, and burning cities.

Sit down by the big fire yourself some night, when you 're tired of play, just before bedtime, and look for them all in that big bed of coals, tucked in among the logs and flames. See that burning bridge! There is a galloping dragon with smoke from his eyes coming over

it, and swiftly it burns, and just as he gets to the centre, crash down it goes, burnt through by the fire-sword of a trusty flame-fairy. Down go two ends of a burnt brand, and the bridge becomes a burning castle, with windows all where the black places are. Over there is a tiger with glowing eyes, coming out of the smoke, and those little blue and yellow flames are graceful fire-fairies, waving and vanishing up the dark old chimney. Oh, it is the best place of all to dream beside, and to see pictures in at twilight. Try it and see for yourselves. And now—just as the dark is curtaining the light in the windows, so that the glowing fire-fairies can come out and fill all the corners of the room, and just as you are having such a very good time seeing them all and telling about them, the door opens, and somebody, nurse perhaps, says that bedtime has come!

Here across the page you go—little figures clad in long white robes, with very sleepy eyes, full of the dreams you are going to have, with candles in hand, with locks neatly tucked up, curled up, and covered with caps for the night. With bare feet, going across the hall and up the stairs away you all go—into the soft beds in the nursery, waiting like white ships to carry you all across the sea of night into the Island of Dreamland, where all the fire-light stories and dreams come true, and last for the whole night through.



BATTLEDORE

AND

SHUTTLECOCK IN A GARDEN

ALL IN A GARDEN OLDEN,
GLAD WITH THE SWEET JUNE AIR,
RICH WITH THE LUSCIOUS GOLDEN
OF ROSE-HEARTS EVERYWHERE.

PINK SNOW OF PETALS FALLING,
BRUSHED BY THE DROWSY BEES,
MUSIC OF WHITE DOVES CALLING
HIGH IN THE SHELTERING TREES.

INTO THE SUNLIGHT STRAYING,
UNDER THE LEAFY SHADE,
WITH FLYING FOOTSTEPS, PLAYING,
A CHILD, AND A STATELY MAID.

Battledore and Shuttlecock in a Garden

GAYER THAN BIRD-NOTES CALLING,
THEIR VOICES PURE AND CLEAR,
SOFTER THAN ROSE-LEAVES FALLING,
THEIR FACES SWEET AND DEAR.

IN ALL THE GARDEN'S GRACES,
THERE IS NOT ANYWHERE,
IN VASE OR SHELTERED PLACES,
A VISION HALF SO FAIR.

ALWAYS THE GARDEN SUNNY
THEIR PICTURES CLEAR WILL KEEP,
LIKE GARNERED STORES OF HONEY,
WHEN BEES AND FLOWERS SLEEP.

A Colonial Red Riding Hood.

IT was the day before Christmas, many years ago. Everybody was busy preparing for the happy day, in the way they used to do in those Colonial days. The Christmas had to be just as much like the Christmases in Old England as they could have it in the New England, for the sake of the old folks who had spent the holidays of their childhood in the Old England. The house was all trimmed with greens from top to bottom, and even the great Yule Log was carried in on Xmas Eve, decked with wreaths of holly. Only here it was carried in by grinning Sambo and Pompey—the jolly servants of the new country. Little Red Riding Hood went all alone that day clear all the way to Grandmother Pennyhurst's. It was a mile away and over the snowy country. Everybody was busy putting up greens, and Cousin Althea even had a bunch of mistletoe which she hung high in a rather conspicuous place in the hall. It came in a box from England, with some holly from the dear old homestead there, and Little Red Riding Hood thought of how dearly Grandma Pennyhurst would love to have in her Christmas decorations a bit of the real old holly from her own home. So

she picked out a nice big spray, and putting on her cloak, like the other Red Riding Hood, set off across the road all by herself.

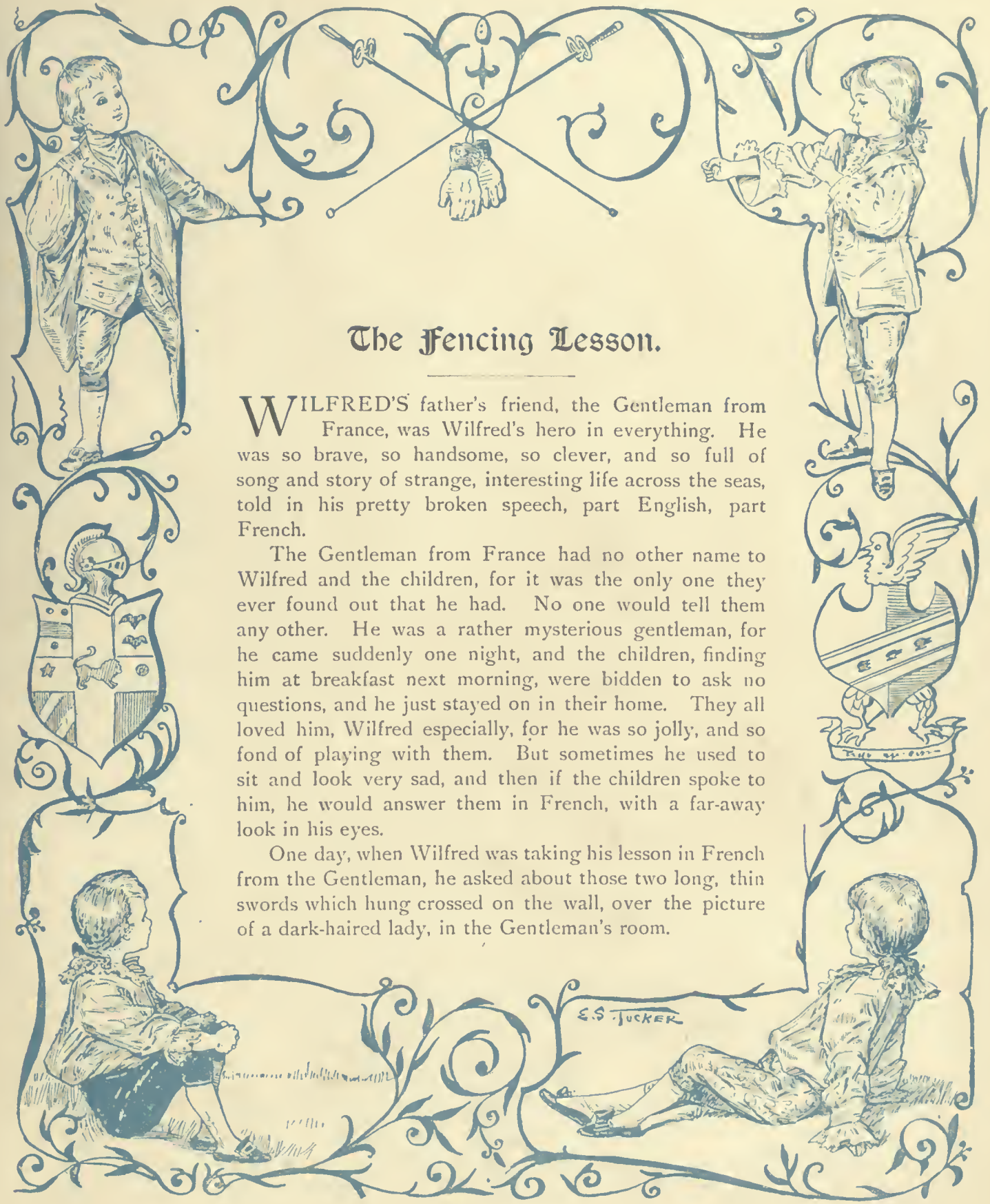
It seemed a very long way, and it began to grow dark sooner than she had thought it would, and as she trudged along she felt a bit lonely. Suddenly, out of the bushes beside the road, she saw two fiery eyes, and out stepped a great gray dog, who had a fierce red mouth and who snarled at her when she spoke kindly to him, and did not seem a bit friendly. He slouched along beside her a few steps, sniffing at her cloak, and then throwing up his head he gave a long queer howl, and trotted off into the woods across the road.

Then the little girl was frightened indeed, for she knew that howl was the howl of a wolf! She was very glad to look up and find the house so near, just across the field now. And as she ran quickly towards it over the snow by the shortest cut, she realized it all. This, she was sure, was the Real Wolf in the story of Little Red Riding Hood, who seeing her red cloak had thought her to be that same little girl going to Grandmother's with her basket; but when he sniffed at her cloak, he knew it was not the same, and so he ran away again.

When she reached the house, and told them about her adventure, *her* Grandmother clasped her Little Red Riding Hood closely in her arms and said: "My darling child, you have escaped a great danger! That was the wolf that has lately carried off Farmer Black's lambs from his fold, and he only ran away because he saw the house was so near!"

This was what Grandma thought of it. Which do you think was the true version—hers or the little girl's?

S. PERCYMOORE



The Fencing Lesson.

WILFRED'S father's friend, the Gentleman from France, was Wilfred's hero in everything. He was so brave, so handsome, so clever, and so full of song and story of strange, interesting life across the seas, told in his pretty broken speech, part English, part French.

The Gentleman from France had no other name to Wilfred and the children, for it was the only one they ever found out that he had. No one would tell them any other. He was a rather mysterious gentleman, for he came suddenly one night, and the children, finding him at breakfast next morning, were bidden to ask no questions, and he just stayed on in their home. They all loved him, Wilfred especially, for he was so jolly, and so fond of playing with them. But sometimes he used to sit and look very sad, and then if the children spoke to him, he would answer them in French, with a far-away look in his eyes.

One day, when Wilfred was taking his lesson in French from the Gentleman, he asked about those two long, thin swords which hung crossed on the wall, over the picture of a dark-haired lady, in the Gentleman's room.

The Fencing Lesson.

The Gentleman from France turned quickly away and looked out of the window, saying nothing for a long while.

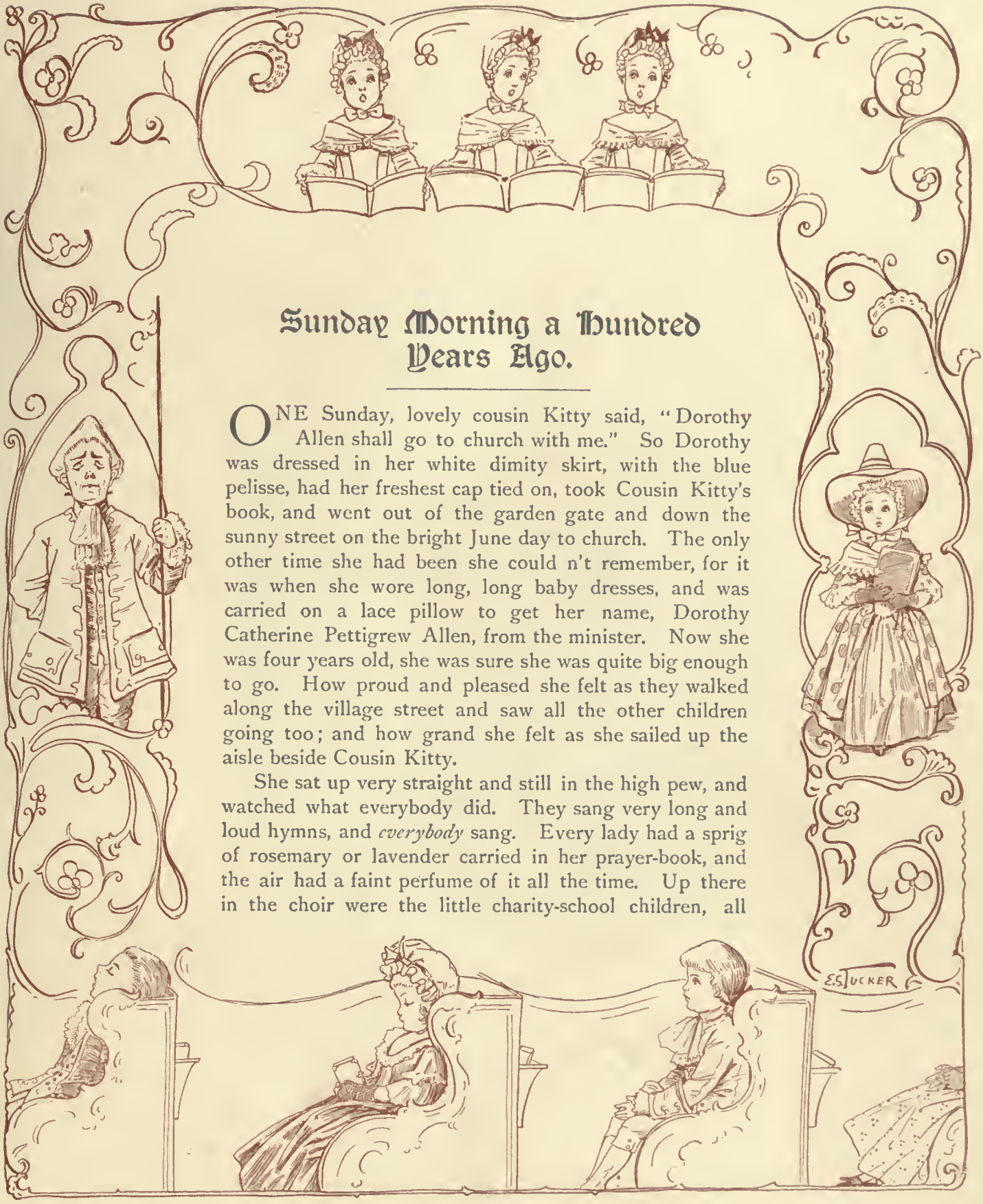
Then he turned to Wilfred standing asking there, and said, "It is a long, thin, cruel sword—very little—very thin—but it killed my friend. It is for that I came to America."

Wilfred was very much interested, and after waiting a long time, while the Gentleman from France looked sadly far out of the window, he said, "I should like to know how to use the long thin sword." The Gentleman turned about quickly, and laughed the sadness out of his eyes, saying, "Boys are all alike, of every country. Over in France, every gentleman knows how to use these swords. Come, I will teach you." So he took a pair of foils, and they went out on the sunny piazza, and there Wilfred had his first lesson in fencing.

After that, this Gentleman from France taught all the boys in the neighborhood, as all their parents were glad of so good a chance for having their sons learn this gentlemanly art; for, in those warlike days, it was deemed very necessary for every man to know how to use a sword in his own or his country's defence.

And what a good time they had! How exciting it was to get their foils, and gloves, and masks, and to throw off their coats, and learn to parry, and thrust, and bend, with the fascinating, long, thin steel foils glancing in the sunshine. Of course these had little buttons on the ends, so no one could get hurt, and the handsome Gentleman from France became very excited and jolly over it all.

And so it came about, that while poor little Prudence had to stay in the house and learn to embroider, and spin, and sew, Wilfred, out on the lawn in the healthful sunlight, was taught to use the foils as a gentleman should.



Sunday Morning a Hundred Years Ago.

ONE Sunday, lovely cousin Kitty said, "Dorothy Allen shall go to church with me." So Dorothy was dressed in her white dimity skirt, with the blue pelisse, had her freshest cap tied on, took Cousin Kitty's book, and went out of the garden gate and down the sunny street on the bright June day to church. The only other time she had been she could n't remember, for it was when she wore long, long baby dresses, and was carried on a lace pillow to get her name, Dorothy Catherine Pettigrew Allen, from the minister. Now she was four years old, she was sure she was quite big enough to go. How proud and pleased she felt as they walked along the village street and saw all the other children going too; and how grand she felt as she sailed up the aisle beside Cousin Kitty.

She sat up very straight and still in the high pew, and watched what everybody did. They sang very long and loud hymns, and *everybody* sang. Every lady had a sprig of rosemary or lavender carried in her prayer-book, and the air had a faint perfume of it all the time. Up there in the choir were the little charity-school children, all

dressed just alike in close caps, dark cotton gowns, short sleeves, and mitts. They stood in rows, and sang away at the hymns,—some girls as little as Dorothy,—with their rosy faces and wistful eyes. And under the gallery was such a very cross-looking man with a long stick, who leaned over and poked the boys and people who went to sleep, waking them up to listen to the sermon. Cousin Kitty whispered that he was the tithing man—and Dorothy must look out or he would be having to wake her up. But Dorothy *knew* that she was quite too big a girl to go to sleep,—and anyway his eyes seemed always shut, though he never missed seeing a sleeping boy or girl.

THE CHARITY CHILDREN.

At last, after a great many hymns and long, long prayers, the minister climbed into a tall pulpit, and began to talk, and talk, and talk. His voice was very solemn, and the church was very still, for no one answered him a word.

The air came in very hot through the open doors and windows, and a bee came in and buzzed about, and Dorothy heard outside the horses stamping the flies away and sneezing long "*whoups*." The birds were singing and twittering in the trees and in the lanes of the church, and a little swallow flew in and circled among the rafters over-head, and then flew out again. Dorothy leaned back against the high wooden pew. Then she saw Thomas Ryder across the aisle going to sleep, and his mouth dropped wider open as his eyes shut tighter, and the old man under the gallery did not seem to see him. She got so interested in watching, that she leaned forward, and crack went her white dimity back where her warm little shoulders had been leaning against the varnishy-sticky pew. The tithing man opened his eyes with a jerk, saw Thomas, leaned forward, and Thomas awoke at the other end of the stick with a jump that upset his father's book.

Dorothy blushed very much, for she wanted to be so proper and good, but Cousin Kitty smiled kindly and handed her a leaf of rosemary to smell. Sermons were very, very long in the days when Dorothy Allen went to church, and the voice went on, and on, and on. And the church was still and hot. She sat up very straight, to keep herself awake—but presently everything looked dim, and her little cap was nodding like a heavy white rose on its stem. And the voice grew far away—and the next thing she knew was a poke, and there at her pew was that horrid tithing man! He was actually smiling, and every one else looked around and smiled at the "child who had to be waked up in church."

Poor Dorothy! It was too much for her, and she sank in a heap of bashful misery to the bottom of the pew, burying her crimson face in the cushions, where Cousin Kitty let her stay till church was out, and then she only took her hand and said, "Never mind." But poor Dorothy was deeply humiliated to think that so great a girl as she had gone to sleep in church the first time she went.

A Doll's Great-Grandmother.

I FOUND her in a garret one day, tucked away in the bottom of an old chest,—this old, old dollie! She was such a funny-looking dear, and I took her out and smoothed her wrinkled and quaint gown of brocaded silk, wondering how a little girl could have loved a doll with such ugly hands and queer hair. But a real little girl had loved her, and she was my own great-grandmother. For I found, pinned to her gown, a note, yellow with age, which told me all about her. This is what it said:

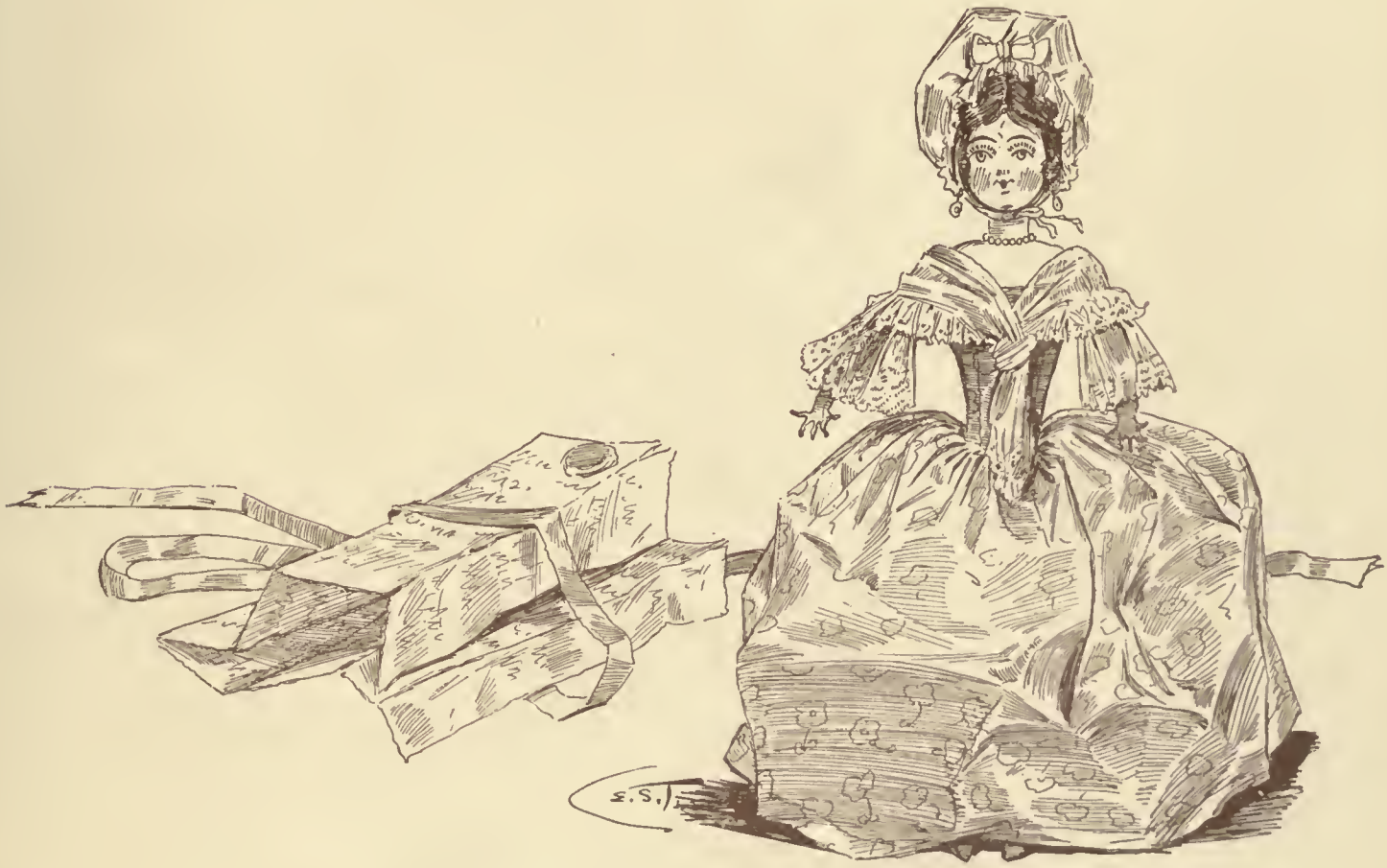
"Written by my mother for me, to my dear grandchild who will first find this doll. Keep her always as I 've left her, for it is with tears I put her away, having grown too great a girl to play with her any more, as I am *nine years old!* She was sent to me from London, and cost 4 guineas, and her clothing, made by a fashionable dress-maker, cost £4,4*s.*, a great price for a doll! I never shall forget the day I got her. I stood her in a chair and danced before her in my great pleasure. I loved her very much, and will tell you how I always thought she saved my life.

"I was playing alone on the beach, and, tripping my toe, I fell into a deep hole by the roots of a tree, and a

great heap of sand falling in with me nearly covered me up, and made it impossible for me to get out. I called, but no one heard, and my ankle, which I had twisted, becoming very painful, I fainted, and I surely should have been drowned by the tide which was coming in, while insensible, had it not been that my dear doll Florinda lay in such a manner that her foot and part of her gown were outside the sand in the hole, where I was buried, and Jim, the black boy, coming by, saw her lying there. He dug her out, and so discovered me and saved me. He was so excited that he left my poor dear doll behind, and the tide had already wet her, when I, waking up in my mother's arms, called out for my Florinda, and Jim was hurried off to fetch her. The stain on her gown was caused by the salt water, and I hope you will love her very much, and keep her with care as I did.

"Your Loving Grandmother,
"In the 9th year of her age—1775."

Was n't that the loveliest thing to find? And she is my very own *Great*-Grandma, for her dollie was so hidden away that I was the first little girl to find it after all those years. We keep her as a great treasure, and my dolls respect her very much, for she is *their* Great-Grandmother, I suppose.



RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510) 642-6753
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books
to NRLF
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days
prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JAN 24 1994

YF 00775

Children of Colonial Days

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY FREDERICK A STOKES COMPANY.

E. Percy-Moran